

glories of the first Empire with the eventual permanent peace which the first Napoleon could not, give his country.

As for Germany—and so with Italy, -it is strange to reflect how much she owes her present almost achieved unity to the work, for her and against her, of the first Napoleon. With the inherent impatience of a good workman with a bad machine, he had in ISO.\* forced her to discard none of her antique framework; and by his influence he facilitated the work of crashing the petty States, or rather holdings, which stood in the way of the formation of all national spirit. As for the so-called "glorious uprising of 181M,"<sup>M</sup> the first, beginnings of that spirit (which only manifested itself when the Grand Army had disappeared in the snows of Russia) may be traced not only to the effect of his blows, but also to the result of his busy and all-embracing administration, which, as in Italy, and as with the English rule in our day in India, by bringing all under one yoke for subjection, taught the rival tribes to regard themselves as one nation for freedom.

Posterity will remember more of the great Emperor than his military glory. We may leave in the grave of Napoleon his many faults and sins. All that, was bad and all that was vile in his nature is in no need of fresh historians : we have had enough and to spare of the seamy side of his life !V«»m the pens of those who ate his bread and flattered him in his time of power. But the present generation is too likely to ignore his good qualities. With him " despotism was a means, not an end." He sought power for no ignominious purposes. The contempt for sloth, lucre, disorder, and empty theories, the eye so quick to see the derisive point. <»f ;tuv question, the power of mind and determination of brain which gave the world the Codes, the far-reaching ambition, the constant looking forward to the judgment of posterity, the noble sacrifice of the present for the future, all these are qualities too rare for this world to afford to overlook.

Standing by the grave where, the great Emperor sleeps, an Englishman may well ponder over a character alien to this

English mind in its virtues as in its  
faults, England did not fear to face him  
when alive ; the sneers of the courtier  
Mates-